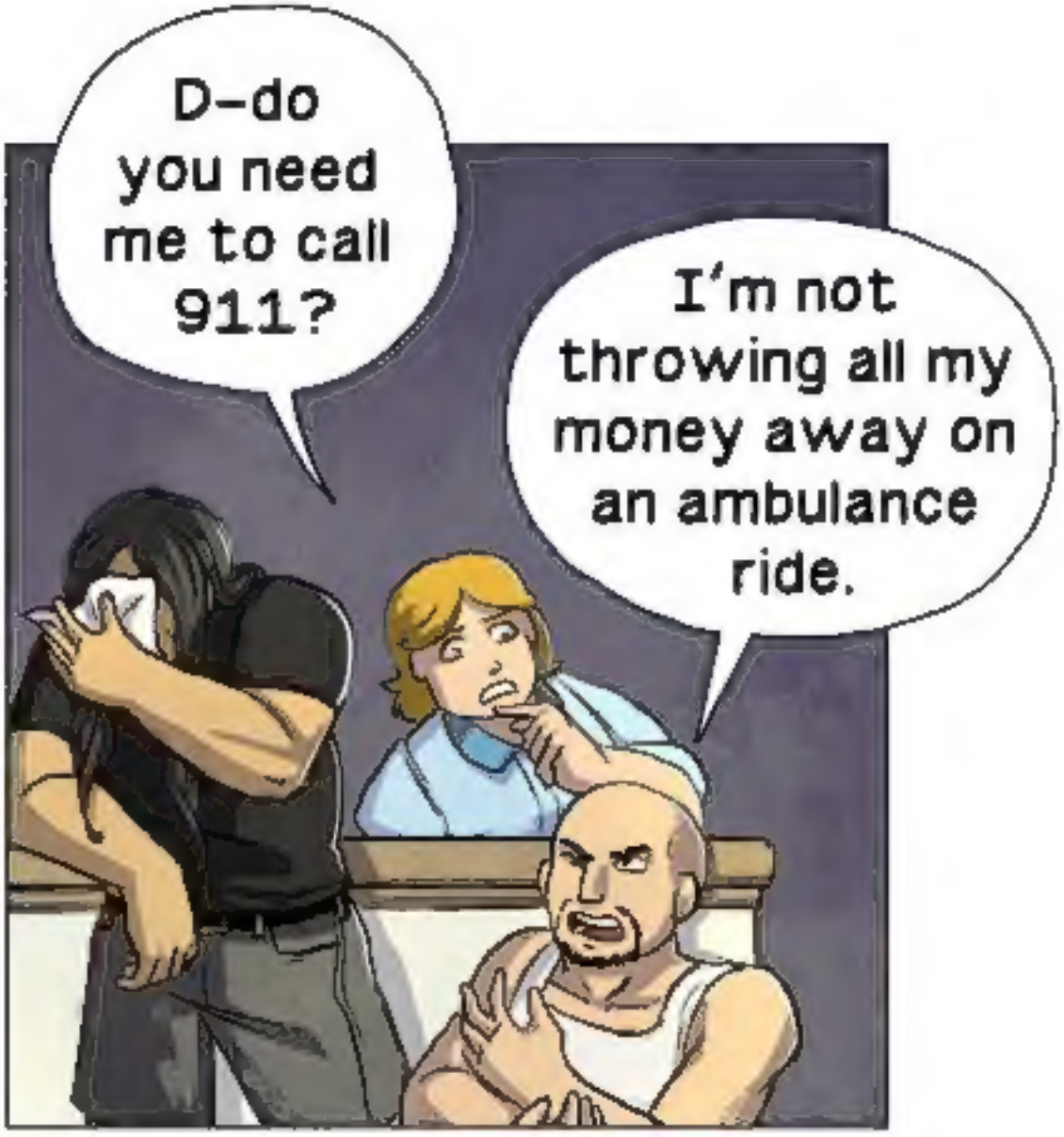
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER

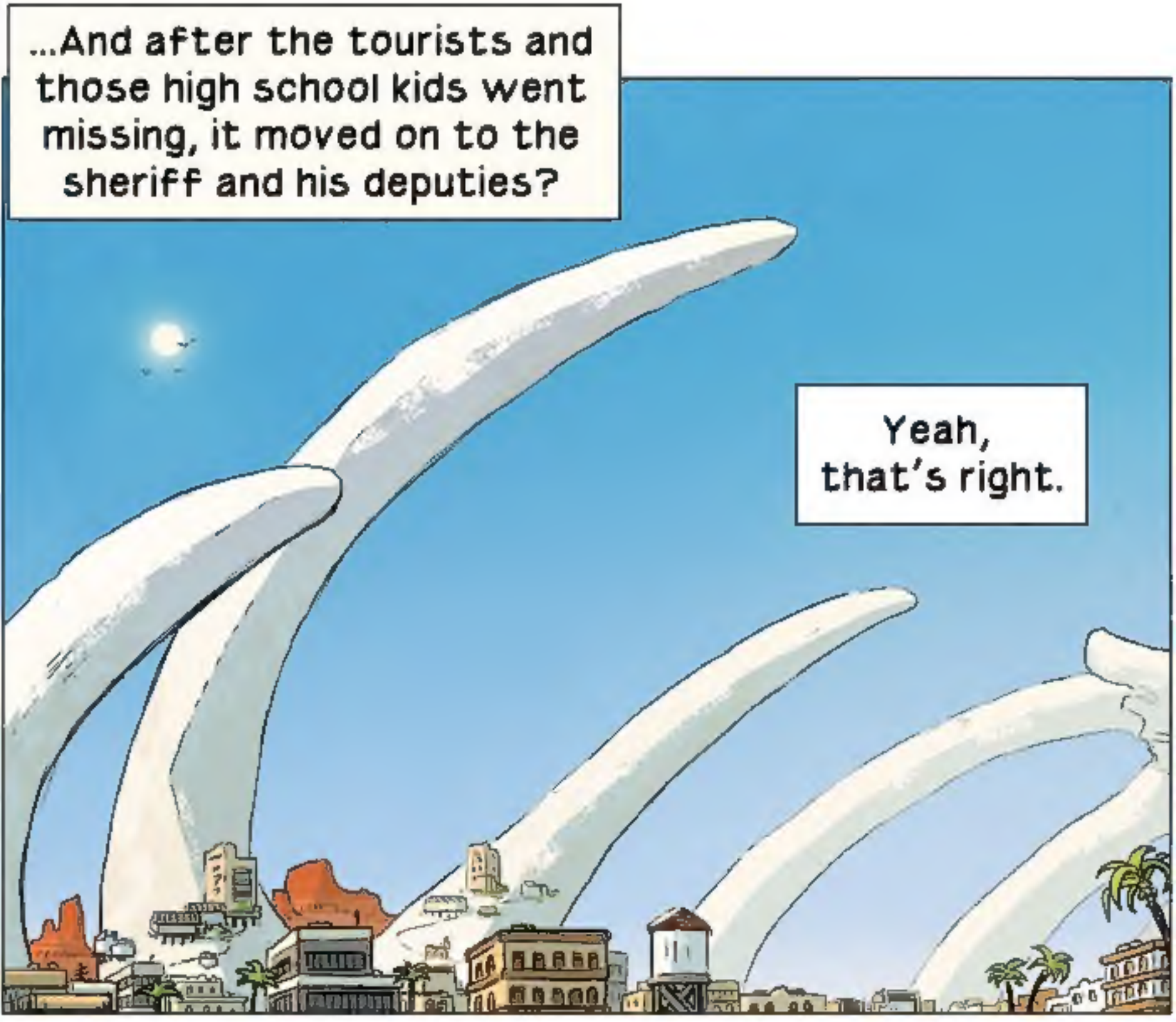
Shit, man. My arm...
The Wishbone
24 HR DINER


D-do you need me to call 911?
I'm not throwing all my money away on an ambulance ride.

Hey.

I can give you a lift to a doctor.

On the way, how about you tell me about these spirit troubles...


...And after the tourists and those high school kids went missing, it moved on to the sheriff and his deputies?
Yeah, that's right.

You're sure it's a spirit though? I mean, sounds like it could be a human.
FOLLY
venirs

The Hunter's Guild, Atlas, the Office of Supernatural Containment... none of them have made statements or posted bounties.
Well it *is* a spirit! A monster!

We saw it ourselves! It was bigger than a man, all hunched over and covered in dunno... armor or a shell or something.

Where'd you see it? What was it doing?

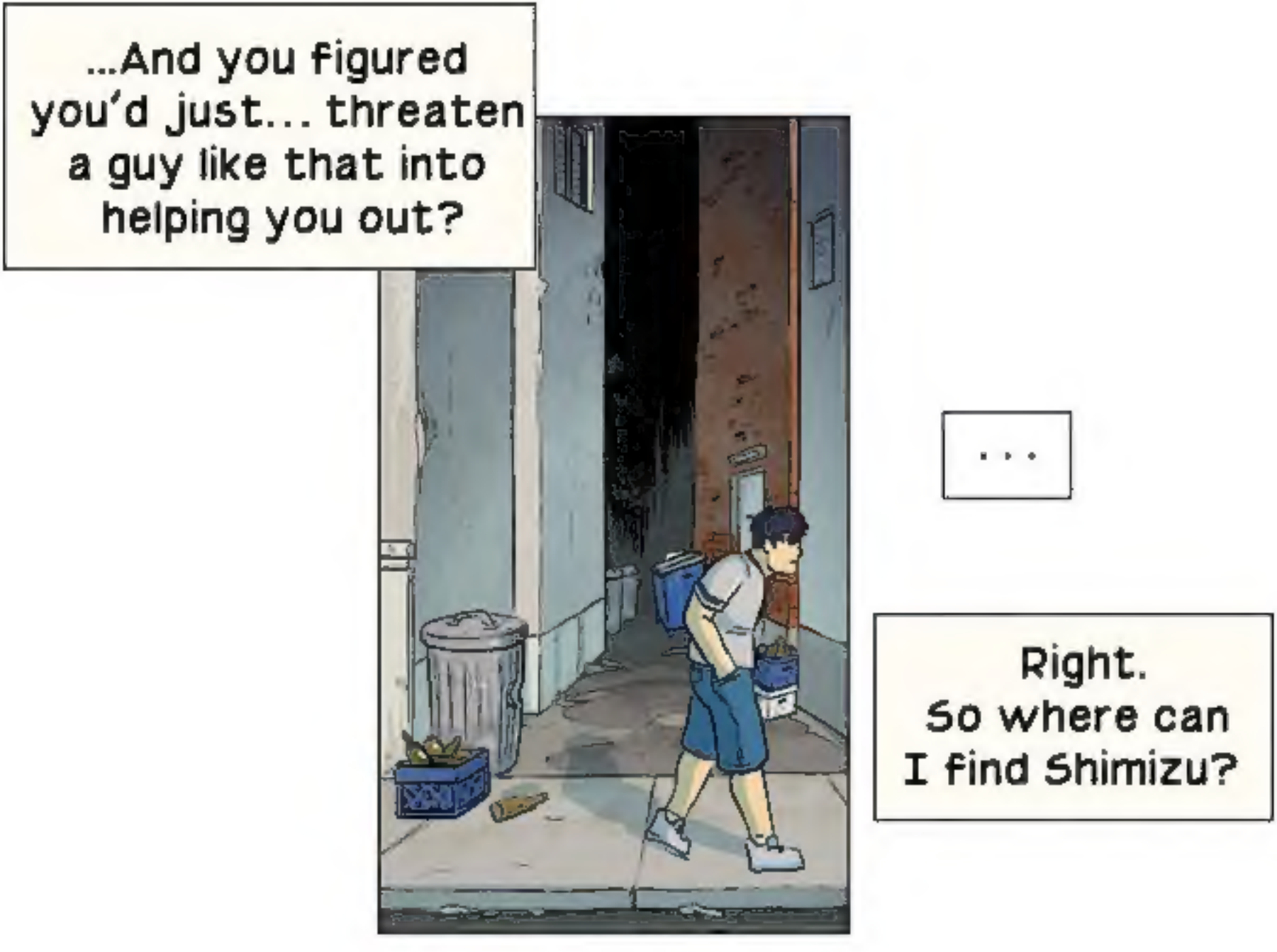
Well, it was late at night just... skulking near a bar called the Drybones, staring out from the alley.
We tried to tell someone but they all said we'd been drinking, and didn't believe us.
Had you?

Yeah, but we weren't *drunk!* And all three of us saw it!
Alright, alright.
So that guy at the diner...

...you think he knows about the monster?
Or it followed him. Either way he should get rid of it.

Who is he?
David Shimizu.

He's a monster hunter. Well, used to be. He was supposed to be ruthless, taking any job that paid enough and leaving piles of bodies in his wake.


...And you figured you'd just... threaten a guy like that into helping you out?
...
Right. So where can I find Shimizu?